Manitoba Calling

Winnipeg Churches

First Church of Christ Scientist

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CKY "Comes of Age"

Monday, March 13th, 1944, is a day of special significance in the history of Radio Station CKY, Winnipeg, as it marks the 21st anniversary of the official opening of "The Voice of Manitoba".

Hon. John Bracken, then Premier of Manitoba, officiated at the ceremony dedicating the CKY Studios on March 13th, 1923. This ceremony took place in the velvet-draped Studio in the Sherbrooke Exchange of the Manitoba Telephone System, with the station operating at a power of 500 watts.

In 1928 CKY's power was increased to 5,000 watts and later, on December 1st, 1934, it was again increased to its present power of 15,000 watts. Then, on May 7th, 1937, another milestone in CKY's history was marked by the opening of the new CKY Studios in their present location, at which Hon. W. J. Tupper, K.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba at that time, officiated.

In normal times a twenty-first birthday would be the occasion for celebration, but there is work to be done and service to be performed, and Radio Station CKY, "The Voice of Manitoba" carries on!

H.M.C.S. Chippawa

...a ship a-shore

A "stone frigate" or shore establishment she may be, but H.M.C.S. Chippawa still ranks as one of the most important ships in the Royal Canadian Navy.

Like any other ship, Chippawa is steeped in Naval tradition and procedure—similarly she is doing a big job in the winning of the war for the United Nations.

Turning green civilians into semi-trained seamen ready for advanced instruction at the east coast is no small task, and the officers entrusted with the operation of one of the Navy's large inland training establishments have created a fine record for the ship.

Primarily a training establishment, H.M.C.S. Chippawa has its own personnel section, first aid and sick-bay, production and accounting branches. She trains and equips every man who serves aboard, and sleeps and feeds the majority as well. Thousands of ratings,—and the total number attested since the start of the war is now over 5,500—will remember Chippawa as the place where they learned the basic but invaluable fundamentals of Navy life.

The basic centre is where the recruit gets his uniform, is taught how to march, handle a rifle on the parade ground; how to salute, when to salute and whom to salute; how to tie a knot, read a compass, row a boat and how to swim. He gets instruction in school subjects. He is medically examined and re-examined, and learns the value of a clean, healthful life through organized sport, regular exercise and planned entertainment.

It is at Chippawa that Manitoba ratings learn of the background of their Navy. They are taught the whys and wherefores of Navy traditions and discipline. They learn to obey orders implicitly and they are told how they can best win promotions and extra pay.

The whole building, formerly occupied by the Winter Club, is run like a ship. Every part of it has a nautical, shipboard name. Orders are piped over a loudspeaker system just as they are on large ships. All this "atmosphere" is possible because of the space provided in these new, larger quarters.

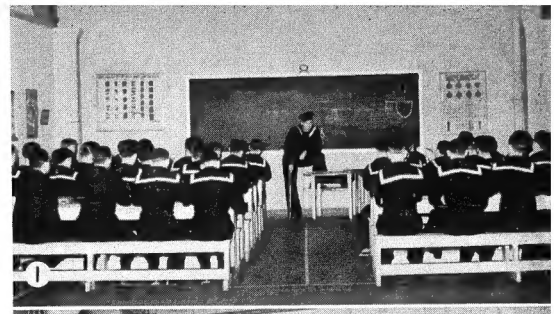
An entirely new training syllabus has been instituted during the past year. Instead of bringing in a brand new ship's company, training it, drafting it to advance bases, and then starting over again, the Navy now recruits new classes every week. In this way Chippawa provides a constant stream of well-trained men for the larger establishments nearer the sea.

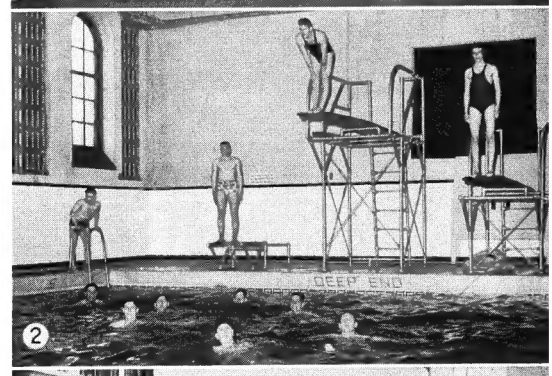
Commander G. F. McCrimmon, Commanding Officer

In a little more than a year approximately 600 women have enlisted at H.M.C.S. Chippawa as Wrens. All are now on duty throughout the country or are taking basic training at Galt, Ontario. On a per capita basis the Winnipeg division of the R.C.N.V.R. has the best "Wren record" in the Dominion. Manitoba and Northern Ontario women have shown a decided interest in service with the Navy. H.M.C.S. Chippawa herself now has 16 Wrens employed throughout the ship as writers, messengers, supply assistants and switchboard operators. More Wrens are expected to be drafted to Winnipeg.

Commander Gordon F. McGrimmon, of Toronto, Captain of H.M.C.S. Chippawa, has brought to the ship a wealth of experience and observation, the application of which in the administration of the Winnipeg division has created ideal working conditions for his officers and men.

The name Chippawa comes originally from that of a famous tribe of Indians, known as the Chippewayans. The ship's name was first spelled Chippewa, but later altered to Chippawa after H.M.S. Chippawa, a British ship built in 1795.





(1) Our "seamen of the prairies" acquire their first contact with the lore of the sea. A class in seamanship aboard "Chippawa".

(2) The swimming pool at H.M.C.S. Chippawa. Here is exploded the myth that a seaman never learns to swim.

(3) A view of the combined library and post office aboard H.M.C.S. Chippawa, in charge of a "Wren".

(4) Following training classes, hearty appetites are satisfied in the men's mess "aboard ship".

(5) The men's canteen aboard the Chippawa, expertly maintained by the Canadian Legion, offers a moment of relaxation between training classes.

PHOTOS BY E. MATTHEWS

CKY Studio Snapshots

Petty Officer Bob Morrison, R.C.N.V.R., pictured in the CKY Library as he auditioned recorded music for his "Rise and Shine" morning show.

★ ★ ★

Pilot Officer Tommy Lewis, R.C.A.F., newly-commissioned following his graduation as Navigator, stops for a chat with George Henderson, CKY chief equipment supervisor.

★ ★ ★

During its Winnipeg engagement a group from "Meet the Navy" broadcast a "Tribute to Russia" on CKY. The cast is pictured in CKY Studio 1 during rehearsal.

★ ★ ★

CKY announcers Kerr Wilson (left) and Garry Herald discuss the merits of their favorite orchestras and band leaders in the CKY Library.

★ ★ ★

C K Y Commissionaire E. J. Fuller poses for a picture during a tour of our Studios with four English airmen on leave from their training centre.

CKY-CKX Personnel-ities

Sub Lieutenant Maurice Burchell, R.C.N.V.R., was transferred recently from H.M.C.S. Chippawa, Winnipeg, to a post on the east coast.

Lt. Ronald Deacon, R.C.A., formerly of the CKX announcing staff, is on temorary posting to M.D. No. 10 at Winnipeg. Ron has been on active service since June, 1941.

In our last issue we noted the graduation of LAC Tommy Lewis, R.C.A.F., of the CKY technical staff. Shortly following graduation Tommy was commissioned as Pilot Officer. Congratulations!

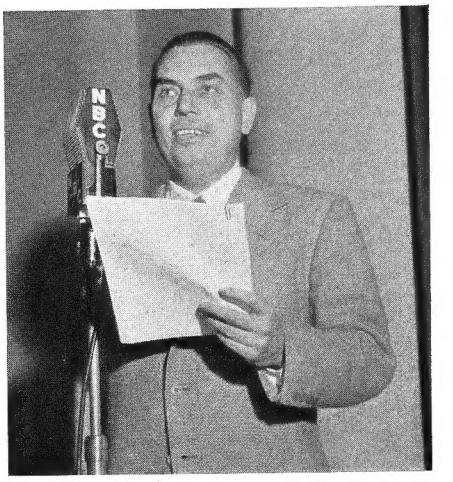
Petty Officer Bob Morrison, R.C.N.V.R., who is best known to our listeners for his "Rise and Shine Club" morning show on CKY, spent two weeks in the city with the "Meet the Navy" production. During his stay Bob "guested" on a revival of his morning show of yesteryear.

Corporal Wilf Davidson has been attached to No. 2 District Depot, Toronto, where he is helping on plans for a proposed new Army Radio Show. Prior to this he was an instructor at No. 103 C.I.B.T.C., Fort Garry.

Add new voice—that of Garry Herald, newest addition to the CKY announcing staff, who joined us on February 15th. Garry is a native Winnipegger.

A letter arrived on Monday, February 21st, from Ft/Lt. Calvin Peppler, attached to the R.A.F., B.N.A.F., which contains much interesting comment on life with the Forces in the theatre of action. Cal. tells of the many Canadians posted there, and of their fine relationship with men of other nationalities. He writes ". . . am picking up a bit of French, which I need as I am working with French boys, in spite of the fact that they learn English much easier . . . Life has been pleasant of late and we have plenty of sports after flying. Needless to say, Canadian games predominate".

HARLOW WILCOX



Harlow Wilcox, that super-salesman on the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show, celebrates a birthday on March 12th. It was back in 1929 that Omaha-born Wilcox first became interested in radio. His first audition was unfruitful, but within thirty days he had "sold" himself to radio and was working hard at his new vocation.

Harlow helped two new-found friends, Jim and Marian Jordan (Fibber and Molly), cut some records when they were getting their early radio experience in Chicago. Later, when the couple signed for their own radio show, they asked to have Harlow for their regular announcer. In all the successful years since, Harlow has been associated with the "McGee's". He was married in 1939, and makes his home in Beverley Hills.

Incidentally, the recent 13th Annual Poll of U.S.-Canadian Radio Editors voted Wilcox the second place winner in the radio announcer group, runner-up to Milton Cross, last year's winner, who scores again.

Of the American "big-timers" heard on CKY-CKX the "Lux Radio Theatre", which has headed the poll for dramatic programmes since 1936, maintains its position again this year.

The male singing crown goes again, for the eleventh consecutive year, to Bing Crosby, of the Kraft Music Hall.

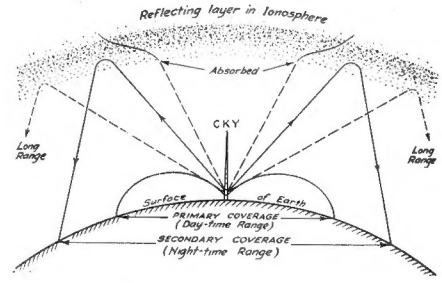
CKY Gets Around

"Down under", in Ponsonby, Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. A. T. Ross has cultivated a habit of tuning-in CKY, Winnipeg at midnight by his clock to hear what we have to say "seven hours later"!

CKY does not claim a popular listening audience in New Zealand, but it is a fact that at certain seasons of the year reception of this station is quite clear in sections of both New Zealand and Australia. Our D-X (long distance reception) file contains many reports of reception from these sister dominions.

Getting back to Mr. Ross in Ponsonby, —his report of reception, dated January 8th, 1944 and received at CKY on February 5th, has this to say: "I hear CKY well on most nights, opening at midnight our time, but I never receive you without fading for more than fifteen minutes at a time. You always open with an anthem sung by a choir, and after the call sign you have news". (Our writer refers to O Canada and the early-morning news summary at 7.00 a.m. opening our schedule of broadcasting for the day.)

In his report Mr. Ross has listed every item to the last detail, including names of commercial sponsors, from 12.57 to 1.27 a.m. N.Z. D.S.T., or 7.57 to 8.27 a.m. CKY time. He writes that on this particular morning . . . "until after your news (8.00 a.m.) your signals were at good entertainment strength and 100 percent clear. Then they were not so steady and faded slightly and often". He reports over-all reception as "very good and clear".



That CKY is heard in such far-off places as New Zealand and Australia is explained by the fact that radio waves radiate at all angles from the transmitting tower. The ground waves, emanating at a low angle, are curved back to the earth's surface by magnetic attraction (see diagram). These are the waves which reach listeners within what is termed the "primary coverage area".

The space surrounding the earth is known as the ionosphere. Somewhere in this ionosphere there is a non-conductive layer paralleling the earth's surface through which radio waves do not penetrate, but are "bounced" back towards the earth. These are known as sky waves.

At certain hours of the day and certain seasons of the year this non-penetrable layer is so situated that some radio waves are deflected back to the earth's surface in the region of New Zealand and Australia. Hence the fact that on occasion CKY can claim a listening audience on the "other side of the globe".

RECOMMENDED LISTENING "L for Lanky", popular radio story of an R.C.A.F. Lancaster bomber and its all-Canadian crew, follows an exciting pattern of life in the R.C.A.F. overseas and is told in the interesting jargon of the Air Force. The broadcasts are presented through arrangement with Hon. C. G. Power, Minister of National Defence for Air, and are based on actual overseas records.

'L for Lanky", sponsored by the Canadian Marconi Company, is presented every Sunday evening at 6:30 - 7:00 p.m. (CBC—CKY—CKX).

Of *This* and *That*

Bing Crosby, maestro of the Kraft Music Hall, earned $20,000 in royalties from the Holiday sales of his recording of "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night", every dime of which he gave to charity.

Incidentally, Bing's singing partner Trudy Erwin (Mrs. Murdo McKenzie in private life) is on leave of absence from the Kraft Music Hall as she awaits a visit from the stork.

* * *

"Fighter's Choice" is the name of a new programme being recorded especially for our troops overseas. The discs are flown, by bomber, to Canadian Forces in Britain, Italy, India and North Africa. Artists who donated their services on the first programme were comedian Alan Young, pianist Rex Battle, contralto Norma Locke and Judy Richards, soloist. Judy's song was dedicated to her husband, Sgt. Tony Braden, now overseas.

* * *

A listener in Larimore, North Dakota, wrote recently requesting a schedule of CKY programmes. She writes that CKY was the first station she ever heard . . . "It was back in the early 'twenties, when the radio was equipped only with head phones, and can you imagine a fourteen-year-old girl listening spell bound to the —of all things—market reports?!"

* * *

Who said "They're either too young or too old"? "Air Command", a series of bi-weekly programmes on CKY and other stations throughout the west, has had a letter from a gentleman, eighty-eight years of age, who wished to participate in the show. Another request for an album and map has come in from a blind boy. His letter was written in Braille.

* * *

According to the Fish and Wildlife Service of the U.S. Interior Department fish are noisy. They actually grunt, purr, drum, grind their teeth and make many other sounds underwater. In fact, these sounds can be heard in submarine listening devices and are sometimes confused with sounds made by enemy ships.

CRAFTSMAN

Pictured above is Tom Beasley, eighty-three year old craftsman employed by the old established British firm of swordsmiths who forged the blade of the Stalingrad Sword of Honour, which was presented by Mr. Churchill to Marshal Stalin at the Teheran Conference in December, 1943. Mr. Beasley was broadcasting in the BBC's weekly programme "London Letter", in the Overseas Service when the picture was taken. He has forged swords for five sovereigns, and is here wearing the "sweat cap" which he wears when working. He began work, for his father, when he was eight years of age.

It took two days to forge the blade, but, as Beasley pointed out, it took "seventy-five years to learn how to do it." Asked when he was going to retire his reply was "never". The Managing Director of the firm, Mr. H. B. Randolph, said "Beasley always declares that he will die at his forge, and I really believe that he will."

Mr. Randolph said the blade for the Stalingrad Sword is, in his opinion, the finest piece of tempered steel that has ever been made. The committee appointed by the King to approve the design decided to keep it as plain as possible and put everything into the quality of the craftsmanship. The blade bears the inscription in Russian and English: "To the steel-hearted people of Stalingrad." The scabbard is covered in lambskin; the pommel is crystal and the hilt is bound with gold wire.

"Welcome to 'Share the Wealth', friends!" Radio's jolliest m.c., fun loving Stan Francis with his "sharer of fun" Cy Mack, greeting their audience.

"This Cue will keep that lovely smile of yours always a thrill to see!" Oh, to be an announcer on "Share the Wealth"—no wonder Cy enjoys his job.

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"Share the Weal

Above: — "Come up and try it, sailor!" Cy dares a sailor-guest to duplicate Stan's pre-broadcast handsprings and cartwheels.

Right: "No prompting, please. She knows the answer!" And this CWAC corporal did. Her reward, some of that crisp green stuff!

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Every Saturday night at 7.30 p.m. (CBC—CKY—CKX) "Share the Wealth" goes on the air, with listeners from coast-to-coast hugging their radios to join in the fun on this popular Canadian quiz-show. "Share the Wealth", after more than four years of broadcasting for Colgate-Palmolive, has the highest listening audience of its existence as it goes its merry way under the guidance of M.C. Stan Francis and announcer Cy Mack. On these pages are seven "stages" of the show as the audience sees it every Saturday night. Many service people travel miles to spend part of their Saturday night leave at "Share the Wealth", where they have a chance to win big amounts of cash including the well-heeled "Oscar".

hare the Wealth"

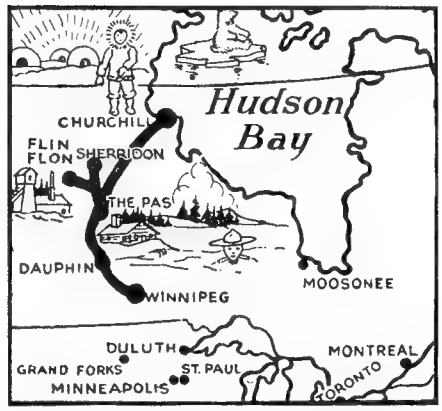
Right: In the closing moments of the show Stan's words are "be sure to send your entries to 'Share the Wealth', Box 1000, Toronto 1". And in the middle of Stan's effort to put across a bit of his excellent dialect Cy "sends" him a cascade of mail entries.

"Dig down deep for your air partner!" This contestant follows Stan's advice while he and Cy cut capers during the draw.

"No need for grabbing, children!" For on "Share the Wealth" everyone in uniform gets a dollar bill, right answer or wrong.

Polar Bears in the Prairie Province

By PHILIP H. GODSELL, F.R.G.S.,
Noted Fur Trader, Arctic Traveller, and author of "Arctic Trader", etc.



Polar bears abound in our "Inland Mediterranean", as reporters dubbed Hudson Bay.

Polar bears in the prairie province? Polar bears in Manitoba! Yes, there are lots of them around. Only you have to hie to the shores of our "Inland Mediterranean", as reporters dubbed Hudson Bay when His Excellency, Earl Grey, made his historic canoe journey to York Factory back in 1910.

It was at York Factory that I first made my acquaintance with Mestiah—the Evil One—as the Crees have dubbed the polar bear. I'd just stepped ashore from the old Pelican and was busy in the trading stores when an Indian handed me a muzzle loader with a broken stock, demanding a new one from the "coompany".

In those days Indian watchmen were stationed at the beacon on the Point of Marsh to keep a lookout for the annual ship from London, forced by shallow water to anchor twenty miles out at sea. Abraham Beardy hadn't seen the ship for the very simple reason that while he was scanning the sea with a vigilant eye a ton or so of furry polar bear was busy stalking him. Treed high up on the wooden beacon he finally concluded that the bear had tired of his long vigil. But hardly had the redman descended from his lofty perch than wapusk, with a low roar, was upon him. Shouldering his gun he was about to pull the trigger when the weapon was rudely struck from his hands by the angry bear. Escaping the snapping molars by a hair's breadth Beardy spent the remainder of the night hugging the upper structure of the beacon, and only when his relief arrived did he descend to find that the stroke of wapusk's mighty paw had smashed his prized muzzle-loader in two.

A couple of weeks later I was chatting with Harry Moir in the Bachelors' Hall when the night was rent with an ear-splitting cry, followed by the wolfish howl of the sleigh dogs till every slat-ribbed cur was raising his pointed snout to the moon and joining the ghostly chorus.

The door burst open, and into the room catapulted Sammy Grey, half-breed servant, his swarthy face pale with terror. "Weetigo!" he shouted. "Dere's a Weetigo in de ice house".

Diving into our capotes we grabbed our Winchesters and padded behind the half-breed across the palisaded courtyard towards a line of shadowy cabins. Frightened squaws and Indians milled about us, gazing with fear-filled eyes towards the blubber house where seal and porpoises were stored for dog-feed. Within its dark recesses lurked Sammy's cannibal "Weetigo"!

Convinced there must be some simple explanation for all this superstitious terror I edged cautiously towards the hut. A grey shape moved in the doorway. An earth-shaking roar brought another ebullition of terror from the Indians.

"Polar bear!" yelled Moir.

With pounding heart I fixed my eyes on the ebony square as another shuddering convulsion shook the building and we could hear seal carcasses being roughly

tossed about within. Fifteen paces from the cabin the moonlight glinted on the barrel of Moir's rifle. Again the grey shape filled the doorway. From the muzzles of our rifles leapt spears of orange flame.

Pandemonium reigned, dogs barked, Indians whooped and shouted, squaws cried, and children whimpered. Into the ghostly light of the aurora lurched the white-furred monster. Red tongue lolling from ivory fangs, he reared his enormous bulk upright and with outstretched paws came lumbering towards us.

As the immense furred form hurtled forward we pressed the triggers. Twice our guns belched flame and smoke. The whole world seemed to tremble under the roar of the onrushing monster as it towered in threatening fury above me. Expecting next moment to be engulfed in its shaggy embrace I yanked frantically at the trigger and ducked a flailing forepaw as the impact of my bullet swung the great bulk around. Next second an avalanche of silvered fur shot past and piled in a convulsive heap upon the ground, the great ferret-like head weaving from side to side as wapusk thrashed about in his death-throes, till a last shot from Moir's rifle stretched him in quivering convulsions on the moss. Next day we weighed a forepaw of our quarry. It turned the scales at nearly thirty pounds!

Back in the Bachelors' Hall I learned that the polar bear spends its summer floating around on pans of glittering ice, peering into the depths below for sight of a succulent and unwary seal. A splash, a cascade of icy spray and with white fur flattened against his massive body wapusk climbs back upon the floe to dine at langourous ease. In August, during the mating season, he has one disconcerting habit—an insatiable curiosity that will send him swimming from miles out at sea to investigate even the spark-like twinkle of a campfire.

This same curiosity came near to ending the career of Archdeacon Winter when, in company with Jimmy Begg, his half-breed guide, and Johnny Stagg, an Indian, he was tramping overland from York Factory to Fort Churchill. Overtaken by darkness Jimmy kindled a small campfire. But the night was chill, and the missionary was cold. Disregarding the guide's warnings he heaped armful upon armful of driftwood on the fire and basked in the grateful heat. Divesting himself of all but his woolly underwear, and placing his spectacles carefully beneath his pillow—since he was almost blind without them — the missionary crawled into his blankets and was soon in the land of nod.

Suddenly Jimmy's blankets were yanked below his knees. Emitting a sleepy growl he hauled them back. The same thing happened again. When, for the third time, the blankets were yanked unceremoniously away Jimmy shot bolt upright — all set to tell the reverend gentleman what he thought of his unseemly joke. But instead of facing the Reverend Winter he stared right into the ferrety visage of an enormous polar bear, his small red eyes alight with mingled hostility and surprise.

With a bound Jimmy was on his feet, yelling a warning as he tossed an armful of wood upon the fire. Wapusk's astonishment quickly turned to anger. Then he spotted Johnny Stagg burning up the sand dunes in his anxiety to put

The polar bear spends his summers floating around on an ice floe looking for unwary seal.

as much space between himself and the bear as possible. As wapusk took after the fleeing redskin the Reverend Winter staggered confusedly to his feet, searched in vain for his spectacles, then caught in desperation at Jimmy's flying shirt-tail.

A Campfire Merry-go-Round

Stretching the terror-stricken Johnny inert on the ground with one cuff of his enormous paw the bear left him for dead, and proceeded to chase the guide and his trailing companion round and round the campfire. Like a drowning man the Reverend Winter hung to Jimmy's shirt-tail as they dodged and cavorted about the fire to evade the assaults of the infuriated monster. Time and again the bear charged—a flash of grey in the purple night. Time and again Jimmy tried to get at the guns stacked just beyond the circle of firelight, to be thwarted each time by the cunning bear. Now and then wapusk would squat on his haunches and lick his chops with anticipatory delight. But the moment they made a move he was after them again.

How long this fantastic jig beneath the stars continued Jimmy couldn't say. One quick rush left the bear in possession of an essential part of the missionary's underwear. Suddenly the darkness was rent by a staccato report and a yellow flash of flame. Bellowing in surprise the bear tore in ever-widening circles, biting savagely at his side. Another whip-like crack and he sprawled in a shuddering heap upon the sand. The resuscitated Johnny Stagg, after playing possum, had crawled to the edge of the camp, seized the gun unseen by the bear, and given him his coup de grace. Eight years later I sat in the Reverend Winter's study in Tewkesbury, England, with my feet in the thick white fur of this particualr polar bear, and heard corroboration of Jimmy's story from the lips of the missionary himself.

According to the Cree Indians the polar bear will usually rise on his hind feet to attack, at which time his equilibrium is very uncertain, a situation taken advantage of by one young squaw.

Wastesticoot and his band of Cree hunters had pitched their winter wigwams beside the Kaskitamagan River south of York Factory, where that river empties through a waste of barren sand dunes into the salty tide of Hudson Bay. It was a lonely, blizzard-flailed spot, far from human habitation, and the hunters were off to trap white foxes, and get caribou to fill the meat pots. It had been a hard winter with deep snow, few rabbits, and living was pretty lean. So Wasequan, Wastesticoot's cinnamon-cheeked wife, sized up the scanty larder and figured it was time to visit the fish-nets set beneath the ice five miles up the frozen river.

Tramping on snowshoes through the biting cold, her breath whistling in white plumes, she crunched over the crusted drifts to the fishing hole. Swinging the mossbag containing her papoose from her back, she propped it against an ice hummock, chiselled through the new ice and dropped her hook, baited with losh liver. Her back to the icy blasts she crouched for hours, bringing up fish after fish until she decided it was time to return to the warmth of the wigwam fire.

An Unwelcome Visitor

A slight noise caused her to turn her head. Bearing down upon her with upraised forepaws was a monster bear. Swiftly there flashed through her mind the story she had heard around the lodge fires—that when the bear's upright he's unsteady on his feet. In a desperate attempt to save her youngster she charged the oncoming monster with uplifted axe. Hot fetid breath fanned her face. A rank oily odour filled her nostrils. Enveloped in the furry embrace she struck . . and struck, throwing the bear momentarily off balance. Leaping clear she brought down the axe in a swinging arc and felt it bite through flesh and bone. Then, snatching up the child, she fled as though the devil himself was at her heels. When, from sheer exhaustion, she stopped and threw a panicky glance over her shoulder not a thing moved in the white world about her. The bear was nowhere to be seen.

It was late when the hunters returned and heard Wasequan's story. Unbelieving they plodded through the night till the brush covered fish-hole appear-

"Meet the Liptonaires . . . . . "

Pictured here are the artists who make up the cast of those bright mid-afternoon presentations, under the programme title "The Liptonaires". Left to right they are: Bill Isbister, Merv. Johnston, Dave McEwen, Jean Campbell, Ed. Houston, Frances Cramer, Jimmy "Trump" Davidson (these last-named five are the members of the Vocal Rhythm Group, whose songs are featured on each broadcast); Bus. Mitchell, Jack Allison, Director and Arranger; announcer Stan Francis and Pete Sinclair.

Inset: "Chief Liptonaire" Jack Allison and announcer Stan Francis. "The Liptonaires" are heard at 3.30 p.m. Monday to Friday (CBC—CKY—CKX).

(Continued from page 12)

ed in the starlight. "Huh!" grunted Wastesticoot and pointed. On the ice, in a frozen pool of blood, lay the immense carcass of a bear, its spinal cord severed by that last desperate blow that had struck the base of the creature's neck.

The following summer Wastesticoot escorted his wife proudly into the trading store of the Hudson's Bay Company at York Factory and deposited a huge bundle on the counter. "My wife," he told Doctor Milne, the Scots factor, reputed to be the tightest man in the North, "she's brought you this present." Unrolling the polar bear skin he pointed to the stitches across the neck and told of how his wife had given the bear his coup de grace with nothing but a Hudson's Bay axe . . . and awaited expectantly an appropriate reward.

Doctor Milne's reply has become a legend. "Ye're a brave wumman," he patted Wasequan approvingly on the back as he took possession of the polar bear skin and stepped over to the candy barrel. "Here's twa candies," he told her, "and I hope ye'll live tae raise lots o' hunters for the Coompany."

News from the Fighting Fronts

A CBC Mobile Unit overseas

Tribute was paid, in a recent broadcast of the CBC's "Comrades in Arms", to the war correspondents who are covering the battlefronts to bring readers and listeners at home a steady stream of colorful, reliable information.

To the hard working radio and press correspondents goes credit for the story of the United Nations' push against the enemy—the story that is heard at home only short hours after each major event.

Last spring the CBC set up a news bureau in London with A. E. Powley, formerly senior editor of the Central Newsroom, in Toronto, in charge. A crew of fifteen men, French and English speaking correspondents and engineers, make up the overseas staff, and they have turned-in an efficient job of bringing the Canadian listening public sidelights of the battle in the Mediterranean and special news broadcasts from Britain.

One of the notable news scoops from Italy was Marcel Ouimet's description of a Canadian Artillery barrage against a German-held town. This descriptive broadcast, made under fire, was heard in Britain, the United States and Canada.

Peter Stursberg, formerly of CBC, Vancouver, pioneered CBC's radio coverage in the Mediterranean zone, being among the first correspondents ashore with the Canadians in Sicily. He is now in London, along with Andrew Cowan, who handled the Algiers end in the opening months of the campaign. Cowan was talks producer for the CBC at Winnipeg before joining the Overseas unit.

Mathew Halton's thrillingly descriptive reports from Italy—some of them by voice and others contained in direct cables—have been of great interest to news-conscious listeners. Halton was a well-known Canadian news correspondent prior to joining the CBC's Overseas Unit last year.

John Kannawin, CBC representative in charge of the Overseas Unit, reviewed some of the Unit's action during recent months. He told of the death of Edmund Baudry, CBC correspondent, in an American aeroplane while on his way to cover the Casablanca conference. He sketched the wild adventure of CBC operators Holmes and Moore, torpedoed in the Mediterranean on their way to Italy. He told of Peter Stursberg's advance, almost in the Canadian van, into Italy, and his vivid reporting of the first battles; of Andrew Cowan invalided back to London with sand-fly fever.

With one recording unit in action in Italy, and the crews of two others awaiting their turn in England as the day of invasion draws nearer, the CBC is credited with having the most complete voice recording equipment of any North American service abroad. We add our tribute to the war correspondents who trudge with the troops, sleep where they can, and each day send to Canada and the world their stories of the war — their contribution to keeping the nation well and truly informed.

CKX HIGHLIGHTS

Numerous programmes not carried by CKY are available to listeners who tune in CKX, Brandon. Some of these are listed below.

SUNDAY

9.30—Strength for the Day.
11.00—BBC News—CBC.
11.30—Way of the Spirit—CBC.
12.00—Hello Children—CBC.
12.15—Just Mary—CBC.
5.00—Radio Hall of Fame—CBC.
7.00—Charlie McCarthy—CBC.
7.30—Week-end Review—CBC.
8.30—Texaco Star Theatre—CBC.
9.30—Nocturne—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.

MONDAY

1.15—Rural Rhythm.
4.30—Listen to London—CBC.
6.45—Patterns in Black and White.
7.30—Riches to Rhythm—CBC.
9.00—Arrangements by Cable—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.

TUESDAY

1.15—Rural Rhythm.
4.30—Listen to London—CBC.
7.00—Town and Country—CBC.
9.00—Bob Hope—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.
11.00—Albert Johnson Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY

1.15—Rural Rhythm.
4.30—Listen to London—CBC.
7.00—Dollars for Scholars.
7.30—Musical Telequiz.
8.00—Gospel Half Hour.
9.00—Time for Reflection—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.
10.30—The Weird Circle.

THURSDAY

1.15—Rural Rhythm.
4.30—Tea Time—CBC.
6.45—Patterns in Black and White.
9.00—Swing for the Services—CBC.
9.30—Wings to Victory—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News.

FRIDAY

1.15—Rural Rhythm.
4.30—Eyes Front—CBC.
8.30—That Brewster Boy—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.

SATURDAY

10.00—On Stage Everybody—CBC.
11.30—A4 Artillery Band.
6.30—Songs at Eventide—CBC.
6.45—Books of the Time—CBC.
10.00—CBC National News—CBC.

FIBBER AND MOLLY

Fibber McGee and Molly, in real life Jim and Marian Jordan, continue to register popular approval with listeners in their Tuesday night airings, according to recent polls.

★

CKY Studio Visitors

In spite of the fact that fewer people are travelling these days our CKY Visitors' Log continues to show place names from the four corners of the Continent. It is always a pleasure to conduct our visitors through our studios, and to allow them a "peek behind the scenes" of radio in production.

We are happy to note that members of His Majesty's Forces are among our most numerous visitors. New Zealand, Australian and British airmen on a tour of training in Canada are some of our most interested (and interesting) visitors. From a CKY tour they learn something of "our way of radio", and in turn tell us of their broadcasting methods.

CKY Studio Tours, conducted by CKY Commissionaire E. J. Fuller, are available for visitors every afternoon between two and four o'clock, Mondays to Fridays. Large groups and class-room parties are asked to make reservations in advance whenever possible. Arrangements may be made through the Public Relations Office of CKY.

CKY PROGRAMMES

*Radio programmes are subject to change without notice. The following items are listed as a guide to some of the most popular features. For more details see Winnipeg daily newspapers. Daily programmes are shown in heavy type. Those marked * run on weekdays. Those marked † are on weekdays except Saturdays. All times Central Daylight.*

SUNDAY

9.00—CBC News—CBC.
9.45—Sunday School of the Air.
10.00—Neighborly News—CBC
10.15—Prairie Gardener—CBC.
11.00—Church Service.
12.25—News.
12.30—Chamber Music—CBC.
1.00—CBC News—CBC.
1.15—Anzac News Letter—CBC.
1.30—Religious Period—CBC.
2.00—New York Philharmonic Orch.—CBC.
3.30—Church of the Air—CBC.
4.00—CBC News
4.03—Singing Stars of Tomorrow—CBC—York Mills.
4.30—Comrades in Arms—CBC.
5.30—Behind the Headlines.
5.45—BBC News—CBC.
6.00—Jack Benny—Gen. Foods Ltd.—CBC.
6.30—L for Lanky—CBC—Can. Marconi.
7.00—Church Service.
8.00—Stage "44"—CBC.
8.30—American Album—CBC—Bayer Aspirin.
9.00—**CBC News—CBC.**
9.15—Songs of Empire—CBC.
10.00—Just a Song—CBC.
11.00—**BBC News Reel—CBC.**
11.30—**News Time and Sign Off.**

MONDAY

* 7.00—News and Band Revue.
* 7.30—News.
* 8.00—CBC News—CBC.
† 8.05—Eight-o-Five Show.
† 9.30—Jean Hinds—CBC.
†10.00—Road of Life—CBC—Chipso.
†10.30—Soldier's Wife—CBC—W.P.T.B.
†10.45—Lucy Linton—CBC—Sunlight Soap.
11.00—BBC News—CBC.
†11.15—Big Sister—CBC—Rinso.
†11.30—Schools Broadcast—CBC.
†12.15—The Happy Gang—Col.-Palm.—CBC.
†12.45—They Tell Me—Dept. of Finance—CBC.
† 1.00—News and Messages.
† 1.30—CBC Farm Broadcast—CBC.
† 2.00—Woman of America—CBC—Ivory.
† 2.15—Ma Perkins—CBC—Oxydol.
† 2.30—Pepper Young's Family—CBC—Camay.
† 2.45—Right to Happiness—CBC—P. & G.
† 3.15—CBC News—CBC.
† 3.18—Topical Talks—CBC.
† 3.30—The Liptonaires—CBC—Lipton Tea.
† 4.00—Front Line Family—CBC
5.00—Men in Scarlet—Lowney's.
5.15—University Lecture.
5.45—Durham War Stamp Prog.—Bee Hive.
6.15—Inspector Hawkes—Anacin.
† 6.30—CBC News.
6.45—Lum and Abner—Alka Seltzer.
7.00—The Victory Parade—Coca Cola—CBC.
7.45—Souvenirs of Song—CBC.
8.00—Lux Radio Theatre—Lever Bros.CBC.
9.15—Canadian Roundup—CBC.
9.30—Farm Radio Forum—CBC.
10.00—String Album—CBC.
10.30—Harmony House—Nabob Prod.—CBC.

TUESDAY

9.15—Peggy's Point of View.
9.45—The Voice of Inspiration.
5.00—Secret Service Scouts—Can. Starch.
5.15—Headline History—Anne Francis—CBC
5.45—Air Command—Byers Flour Mills.
6.15—On the Trapline—S. I. Robinson.
6.45—Lum and Abner—Alka Seltzer.
7.00—Big Town—Sterling Products—CBC.
7.30—Of Things to Come—CBC.
8.00—John and Judy—Lamont Corliss—CBC
8.30—Fibber McGee—CBC—S. C. Johnson.
9.30—Treasure Trail—CBC—Wm. Wrigley.
10.00—Studio Strings—Man. Tel. System.

WEDNESDAY

5.00—Men in Scarlet—Lowney's.
5.15—University Lecture.
5.45—Durham War Stamp Prog.—Bee Hive.
6.00—Waltz Interlude—Wpg. Bus. Colleges.
6.15—Inspector Hawkes—Anacin.
8.30—Alan Young—CBC—Tuckett's Ltd.
9.30—Labour Forum—CBC.
10.00—Rhythm Fantasy—CBC.
10.30—The Army Speaks—City Hydro.

THURSDAY

9.15—Peggy's Point of View.
5.00—Secret Service Scouts—Can. Starch.
5.15—Headline History—Anne Francis—CBC
5.45—Air Command—Byers Flour Mills.
6.45—Lum and Abner—Alka Seltzer.
7.00—The Voice of Victor—R.C.A. Victor—
7.30—Aldrich Family—CBC—Gen. Foods.
8.00—Kraft Music Hall—CBC—Kraft Cheese.
8.30—Fighting Navy—CBC—B.A. Oil.
9.15—The Man Born to be King—CBC.
10.00—CBC Drama—CBC.
10.30—CBR Concert Orchestra—CBC.

FRIDAY

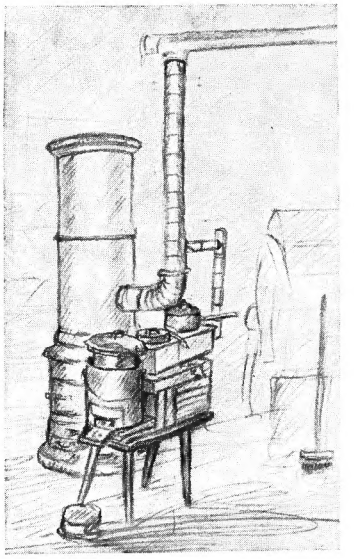
5.00—Men in Scarlet—Lowney's.
5.15—University Lecture.
5.45—Durham War Stamp Prog.—Bee Hive.
6.00—People Enjoy Facts—Can. Bankers.
6.15—Inspector Hawkes—Anacin.
6.45—Lum and Abner—Alka Seltzer.
7.00—The Victory Parade—Coca Cola—CBC.
7.30—Musical Mailbox—CBC—Cash. Bouquet
8.00—Waltz Time—CBC—Sterling Products.
9.30—Eventide—CBC.
10.00—Soliloquy—CBC.
11.30—Northern Messenger—CBC.
12.00—News and Sign Off.

SATURDAY

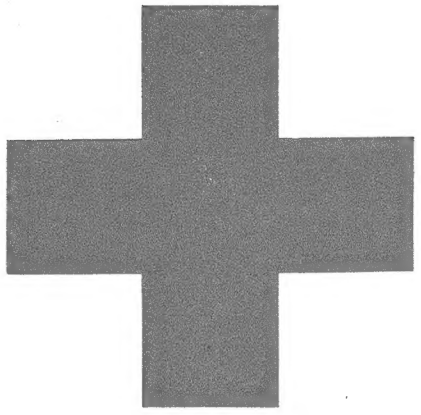
9.00—CBC News—CBC.
9.15—Peggy's Point of View.
9.30—Manitoba Schools' Orchestra.
10.30—Good Deed Club—T. Eaton Co.
11.15—University Question Box.
11.30—Studio Strings—Man. Tel. System.
12.30—Pinto Pete—Dominion Fur.
12.45—News and Messages.
1.00—Metropolitan Opera—McColl-Frontenac
6.00—Hockey Interview—St. Lawrence Co.
6.30—British Variety Show.
7.00—Jolly Miller Time—Maple Leaf Co.
7.30—Share the Wealth—CBC—Col.-Palm.
8.05—N.H.L. Hockey Game—Imperial Oil.
10.00—Song Shop—CBC.
10.30—CKY Dance Orchestra—CBC.

Canadian Ingenuity in a Prisoner-of-War Camp

A tribute to the Red Cross and to its humanitarian efforts especially in time of war is to be found in the following account of the arrival of Red Cross food parcels at a German prisoner-of-war camp, and the ingenious use to which empty food containers are put. The sketch illustrated here was enclosed in a letter received from Germany, dated November 30th. Here is an extract from the letter, written by a Canadian officer whose home is in Winnipeg. " . . After saving odds and ends for weeks, and with the parcel we receive during Christmas week, we will be able to provide the following: breakfast—porridge, sausages, tinned eggs, jam and coffee. Lunch will consist of bully, potatoes, creamed rice pudding, tea. Dinner—noodle soup (Canadian), salmon, fried sliced pork, rolls, peas, potatoes, Christmas pudding (English) with sweet sauce, nuts, Christmas cake and coffee. The food for the entire day will come out of our Red Cross parcels and I must confess it's been fun saving up for the 'big hash'. There are fourteen in our room and with the exception of the Christmas puddings, which are being heated in the main kitchen, all our meals are going to be cooked on an arrangement as shown by the attached sketch. The stove proper had to be moved to the centre of the room to get the maximum heat,—the vertical stove pipe I made by joining together empty klim tins. Our cooking stove was made by one of the other lads,—the large jam pail is our main fire box and cooking ring. The extension with the other two holes was made entirely out of ordinary cocoa tins. The smaller pipe is telescoped biscuit tins, and the unit is going to cook for fourteen on Christmas Day! As it is, we use it daily and it works like a charm." Help the Red Cross to maintain a steady flow of food parcels to our prisoners of war.



A pencil sketch of the stove described in the letter re-printed on this page.



THINK!

Because of the Canadian Red Cross, thousands who might have died, have lived. Think!

Thousands of men whose wounds might have crippled them for life have been made strong again because, at the crucial moment, the Red Cross was there. Think, also, of that.

Thousands of fighting men—and women, and little children — have been spared unspeakable physical and mental suffering through the ministrations of the Red Cross. Think of that, too.

Above all, remember this: The greatest, most punishing battles of the war are being fought now. Demands upon the Red Cross—from battlefields—hospitals — dressing stations and enemy prison camps, pyramid from day to day.

Surely, the appeal of the Red Cross for money to carry on their crusade against human suffering will meet with nation-wide and immediate response.

Let us all give to the Red Cross, gratefully, eagerly, generously.

CANADIAN RED CROSS

Give Generously